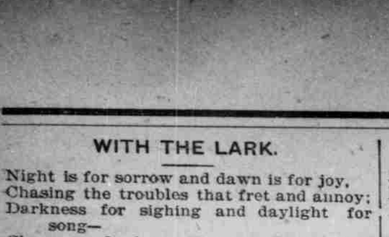
WITH THE LARK.

Night is for sorrow and dawn is for joy,
Chasing the troubles that fret and annoy;
Darkness for sighing and daylight for song—
Cheery and chaste the strain, heartfelt and strong.
All the night through, though I moan in the dark,
I wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

Deep in the midnight, the rain whips the leaves,
Softly and sadly the wood-spirit grieves.
But when the first hue of dawn tints the sky,
I shall shake out my wings like the birds and be dry;
And though, like the rain drops, I grieved through the dark,
I shall wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

On the high hills of Heaven, some morning to be,
Where the rain shall not grieve thro' the leaves of the tree,
There my heart shall be glad for the pain I have known,
For my hand shall be clasped in the hand of my own;
And though life has been hard and death's pathway been dark,
I shall wake in the morning to sing with the lark!

—Paul Dunbar, in Outlook.



HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

[Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

She liked to sit upon the veranda overlooking the ocean. On her face was reflected the placidity of the waters; in her heart, I knew, was the restlessness of the tides. Indeed, there was a smack of the salt sea about the girl, of the sea in all its moods and tenses. Her blood ebbed and flowed beneath the freshest skin; on her lips, with the glimmer of teeth white as foam between their curves, was the many-twinkling smile, in her eyes an enchanting shimmer. One could swear that those same eyes would flash fiercely in time of storm and stress, and that the red lips, like breakers, would curl angrily. I hate a tepid temperament.

"Mr. Livingston"—how softly the syllables of my name dropped from her mouth!—"which do you prefer, action or inaction, peace or war?"

"Peace, Miss Nancy, at any price. I push my little go-cart along the lines of least resistance."

"I thought men"—she emphasized the word—"preferred war."

"Nowadays they leave that to women."

"But the love of fighting, of adventure, is natural to man?"

"To uncivilized man, yes."

"Strip a man," she cried, with a touch of scorn, "of the rags we call manners, take from him the deference which he pays to the opinion of society, and what do you find?"

"Sometimes, a beast."

"Ah!" She drew in her breath with a pretty sigh.

"Sometimes, a god."

"Does he teach small boys?" she asked, demurely. "Confess, now, Mr. Livingston, you are something of a fraud. You ought to be fighting—with your pen, I mean; slaying monsters, like Hercules; and instead you are—"

"Talking to Omphale. There is time for everything."

"Tell me"—she spoke coaxingly—"your true reason for coming here. Don't attempt to deceive me. I can distinguish truth from falsehood."

"What eyes you must have! How do you do it?"

"It's very simple. Truth once seen is never forgotten; the poor dear, you remember, wears no clothes—that's why she lives at the bottom of a well; but falsehood is tricked out in the latest fashion."

"And you have met truth face to face?"

"I live with my mother."

It was prettily said, but it set me to thinking; and thought, like falsehood, has many costumes in her wardrobe. Where did Miss Nancy learn to talk? Her mother, sweet, gentle soul, was no conversationalist; her father, confound him, was a money-grabber. The girl must be still in her teens; but her shrewdness and wit amazed me.

"No man," I observed, "incriminates himself. The reason of my presence here must remain for the present at the bottom of the well. But beware; I have found out your besetting sin."

She looked at me defiantly.

"I don't believe it."

"A morbid love of excitement."

"Wretch! You have laid your finger upon a tender spot. Yes, I am fond of excitement. The deadly dullness of my life till—till quite lately has driven me nearly crazy. I have the dramatic instinct strong in me. Heaven knows where I got it, but I can't be rid of it. And my dramatic instinct tells me that there is some mystery here, in this peaceful house, where you would least expect it; and you, Mr. Livingston, are mixed up with this mystery. There, it's out at last."

Poor child, how I pitied her!

"Miss Nancy," I said, earnestly, "the wise old Greeks had a word which we translate wrongly bitter-sweet. It should be sweet-bitter, for the bitterness comes last and remains. If you could realize how sweet and fragrant your present life is, you would be thankfully content. This is really fairyland, if you only knew it, but the beauty of it will never come home to you till you have left it."

"Do you mean," she said, slowly, "that the gratification of my curiosity may drive me from Eden? Very well; I take the hint."

At the end of the month Mrs. Gerard requested a private interview. Her face, I remarked, wore a troubled expression, and she twisted her slender fingers, a sure sign of nervousness.

"I perceive," she began, softly, "that you are exploring a new country, Mr. Livingston. The French call it le pays du tendre."

I was completely taken aback. I am not a man who wears his heart upon his sleeve, and I had taken infinite pains to keep that unruly organ out of sight.

"Your silence," she continued, "confirms my fears. Let me entreat you to turn back before it is too late."

"Turn back!" I ejaculated. "Mrs. Gerard, this is no walking tour. I am traveling—by express."

"It is better to walk," she said, coldly. I could tell by her tone that she was provoked.

"It is better to crawl," I replied; "but when a man is traveling sixty miles an hour it is dangerous to leave the train."

"But you must leave the train—at once."

"And break my neck—my heart, I mean."

"Hearts do not break," she murmured; "at least, not the hearts of men."

"Mrs. Gerard, you are cruel. Have you anything against me?"

"No, no; but Nancy is not, as—as you think, the daughter of Mr. Gerard. Her father"—the last words were almost inaudible—"is Edgar Burlington."

I must have been blind not to have discovered this fact for myself. How much it accounted for, physically and intellectually! From him she inherited those brilliant eyes; from him, the power of speech, the torrens dicendi copia. And what else?

I took the hand of the poor lady beside me, and kissed it.

"I love her," I whispered. "For herself, first, and, secondly, because she is your daughter."

"Nancy," said Mrs. Gerard, in frozen tones, "can never marry. I have given her an education that is given to few girls. She has abundant material for happiness outside of marriage, which at best is so often a failure. Her books, her music, her absorbing interest in humanity, these must fill her life."

"Why? Why?"

"Her father." The fear stamped upon her face twisted my heartstrings; but there was a quality in it conspicuously absent from the terror of Mark Gerard. This was no coward sentiment. The awful dread was not for self, but for others. "Her father, as you know, is a dangerous madman; the taint of insanity is in poor Nancy's veins."

"I don't care a rap," I answered. "I love her."

"Mr. Livingston, do you force me to tell the truth to Nancy?"

"You could not be so cruel; and, besides, I—I have no reason to suppose that she returns my love. I have taken no advantage of my position. I have—"

"You must leave the cottage to-morrow."

"Leave?" I stammered. The word stuck in my throat.

We were sitting in the parlor. Mrs. Gerard, feeling that further conversation was intolerable, rose from her chair and walked slowly from the room. Through the window I caught a glimpse of her graceful figure as she paced down the garden path. Was Nancy destined to flit from my life in some such abrupt fashion? Not while I, Hugo Livingston, had life and limbs to pursue. I waited a couple of minutes, choking my emotion, then I followed. I found her at the end of the walk, where a flight of steps led to the sands. She stood shading her eyes from the setting sun, her glance straying southward. I noted, in the mid-distance, a man walking rapidly, probably Demetrius, for he was tall and well proportioned. Strangers frequently passed the house (the sands at low tide were a public highway); and I wondered vaguely what possible interest this pedestrian challenged. Mrs. Gerard ignored me entirely. She stared intently at the approaching man.

I touched her arm.

"Mrs. Gerard, I pity you profoundly; but if I am willing to take the chances, if—"

"Hush!" she cried, wildly. "In the name of Heaven, who is that?"

She pointed dramatically at the figure striding swiftly along the sands.

"Some stranger," I murmured. "Mrs. Gerard, you are overwrought; let me take you back to the house."

"It is he," she said, trembling. "It is Edgar Burlington. He has found me at last."

CHAPTER IV.

She fled homeward, seeking sanctuary like some hunted creature. My first impulse was to follow and console, but duty and curiosity nailed me to the spot. From the shadow of the cypress fence I could see Burlington, myself unseen. He strode past, looking neither to the right nor to the left, walking as a man walks when he has his goal in sight. I waited, thinking hard; then I returned to the house.

Nancy met me as I passed the threshold. Her sweet face was puckered and lined by anxiety. "Mother," she gasped, "is so ill. Please come to her at once. I am frightened."

I entered the parlor. Upon the couch lay Mrs. Gerard. Her eyes were closed; her breath came and went in short gasps; her pulse was rapid and feeble. At my suggestion Nancy left the room to procure some aromatic spirits of ammonia. Before she returned Mrs. Gerard opened her eyes.

"Mark," she murmured, faintly—"where is he? This faintness will pass: but my child—Mr. Livingston, find my child."

I humored her instantly, fearing hysteria. The sight of the lad, I reflected, would still her poor fluttering heart more quickly than all the drugs in Christendom. Mark, of course, was with Demetrius. I had left the two at the back of the house, building a small sloop upon plans furnished by me. The Greek was no mean mechanic, and Mark had proved an enthusiastic apprentice.

Demetrius I found busily at work, but the boy was not with him.

The impassivity of the Greek, as I recited the facts, annoyed me. He leisurely assumed coat and waistcoat and proceeded to put away his tools.

"Don't alarm yourself, sir; I can find Mr. Mark. He is around somewhere."

"Somewhere! Of course; but where?"

"He ran down to the sands to get some fresh water for his aquarium."

"The sands! Good God, man, and we are standing here! Follow me."

I ran at top speed to the water's edge. Yes, he had left his bucket and wandered north, searching, probably, for shells in the masses of seagrass and kelp which a recent storm had flung upon the shore. I noted his footprints in the wet sand, and close beside them the large, deeply-indented tracks of Burlington.

Perdition! What if I arrived too late?

To the south the sands stretched widely flat for miles, a superb highway, fringed with low sand dunes; to the north were the cliffs, jutting promontories of red sandstone, honeycombed with caves. These caves could be entered only at the lowest tides, and were favorite haunts of the boy. In their dim recesses were exquisite medusæ, pink, purple and green, starfish, echinoderms, monstrous abalones and other marvels. One cavern, to which the Portuguese had given the melodramatic title Pirates' cave, had a mighty fascination for Mark. He listened to the yarns of the ancient mariners and believed implicitly, with the glorious faith of youth, that chests of doubloons, dead men's bones and other relics of Spanish buccaneers were awaiting discovery. Upon the Pacific slope, especially in springtime, tidal waves are not infrequent and Mark had received strict orders from his mother never to venture alone into the caves. I make no doubt that he ignored these commands whenever opportunity served.

As I ran, vagabond thoughts whirled like dervishes through my brain. I recalled the proverbial patience and cunning of madmen. Burlington, armed with powerful field glasses, must have watched and waited (possibly for a full month) for this very chance. From my knowledge of the man I shuddered to think what foul use he would make of it.

When I reached the end of the sand I paused. A cove was directly in front of me—in fact, a succession of coves, sheltered, each one, by frowning headlands. At high tide these coves were inaccessible from the shore; and already the waters were lapping idly at the base of the cliffs. Seagulls screamed overhead. The wet sand was blood-red with sunset reflections. The sun itself was below the horizon, the day dying fast and the short spring twilight stealing swiftly from landward.

"You, Mr. Livingston, are mixed up in this mystery."

Scrambling across the rocks, I scanned anxiously the semicircular cove in front of me. No human being was in sight. Hurrying on, I struck again the sand, and on it the footprints. These I followed to the mouth of the Pirates' cave. There—where the pebbles hid the tracks—the spoor was lost.

My worst suspicions were realized.

I listened intently for the murmur of voices. Then, slipping off my shoes, I stepped noiselessly forward. My right hand gripped the stock of a pistol which (at the urgent request of Gerard) I carried habitually in my pocket. The cave had two chambers, an inner and an outer, the latter lighted by a small aperture in the roof. I remembered, with a sudden gust of hope, that it was possible to crawl through this aperture and regain the cliffs above. I had performed this feat myself at much personal inconvenience, but Mark made little of it. Here, then, was a loophole of escape.

The silence, accentuated by the drip and trickle of water, was horrible. A more appropriate stage setting for a tragedy could scarcely be conceived. The dank walls, slimy with fungoid growth, harbored no echo. What nymph, indeed, would haunt so fearful a grot? The pools of water courted blood-stained hands. And in the deep crannies and fissures were hiding places for a hecatomb of victims.

I am no coward, but horror smote me in the face.

As I glided in the shadows to the entrance of the inner chamber I heard a peculiar noise—a fretting of garments against rocks. Pistol in hand, I plunged forward. High up, crawling painfully across jagged rocks, was Burlington; but where was the boy?

"Halt!" I cried, sternly.

The sound of my own voice startled me; and it startled the madman above. He turned suddenly, grasped helplessly at the slimy walls, lost his hold and crashed headlong to my feet. He had fallen in the most awkward possible place, a rift between two rocks. For the moment every feeling was banished save that of pity; but how to extricate him passed my understanding. He lay senseless upon his back. The trapezius muscles had borne the brunt of the shock and saved him a broken neck; but in the nature of things he must have suffered very grave internal injuries. But the catastrophe added fuel to the flames of my anxiety on Mark's account. Had he escaped through the hole in the roof? Or—I dared not finish the sentence.

A hasty survey of the cavern somewhat reassured me, and I remarked, with satisfaction, that the hands of Burlington were unstained save for the patches of fungus, that his clothing bore no evidence of committed crime, that his features even were calm and peaceful. Bending over his prostrate body in the sorest perplexity I heard a welcome footfall, and an instant later Demetrius stood beside me.

"Mark?" I stammered. "Have you seen Mark?"

"He is with his mother," he replied, coolly. Then he too bent down and gazed steadily into the face of his enemy.

"He is not dead, Mr. Livingston."

The fellow asked no questions. He accepted the situation with extraordinary stoicism.

"He is very badly injured," I answered, curtly—"I fear fatally."

"What are you going to do?" he whispered.

"Do? Why, get him out of this—at once."

He laid a heavy finger upon my forearm.

"Mr. Livingston" — his hot breath stirred the hair upon my temples—"Mr. Livingston, the tide is coming in."

The diabolical suggestiveness of the words palsied my tongue.

"The tide is coming in," he repeated, slowly, a horrid smile upon his clean-cut lips.

It would be wise, I reflected, to ignore his meaning.

"Yes," I returned, "we have not a minute to lose. Take his feet, Demetrius. Luckily, we are strong men."

But Demetrius folded his massive arms and stood erect.

"Take hold, man."

"No."

Then, with a startling change of facial expression, a very petard of words exploded, a thunderclap from a sullen cloud. This was his enemy, his master's enemy, whom destiny had delivered into our hands. He had been struck down with foul murder in his heart. He deserved to die. He should have died at the hangman's hands a score of years ago. If we succored him now, and ill came of it, the blood of the innocent would be upon our heads.

All this and much more, with amazing fluency and vehemence. When he had finished speaking, the plash of water mingled faintly with the echo of his concluding words. A wave, the herald of the incoming tide, had broken with sullen murmur upon the rocks outside.

"I have heard what you say. For the sake of your long years of faithful service I shall try to forget what has passed. Take hold."

"No," said he, for the second time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHILOSOPHER CORRECTED.

Benjamin Franklin's Experience with a Wig Maker.

When Benjamin Franklin went to Paris as the representative of the revolted American colonies, he had to be presented to the king, and it was a matter of some solicitude with him how he should array himself for that ceremony.

He was anxious not to be considered lacking in respect for the French court, where much formality regarding dress was observed; but he knew it would be an affectation for so simple a republican as he was to imitate the court dress. He decided, therefore, and wisely, to appear in a plain suit of black velvet, with white silk stockings and black shoes.

Nevertheless, he deemed it best to make one concession to the French fashion of the time by wearing a wig—something which he had not been accustomed to do. He ordered of a wig maker the largest one the man had, and in season for the presentation the man himself brought the wig and set about trying it on.

But do all he could, the man could not squeeze the wig on the philosopher's head. He tried and tried, and also essayed to convince Franklin, against the evidence of his senses, that the wig was a fit. Finally Franklin said:

"I tell you, man, your wig is not large enough."

Upon this the Frenchman threw the wig down in a rage.

"Monsieur," he said, "that is impossible. It is not the wig which is too small. It is the head which is too large."

Accepting the rebuke as deserved, Franklin went to the presentation without any wig, and found there that the simplicity of his dress and the honesty and candor of his manners won him more esteem at the court than any concession to fashion could possibly have done.—Youth's Companion.

Great Waste of Words.

There was once a mathematical tutor in one of the English universities who was in the habit of boasting that he neither knew nor cared to know anything about poets or poetry and considered it all "a lot of unpractical rot." A certain brother tutor, anxious to convert him, gave him the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" to read. The mathematician took it up and began to read aloud, thus: "Half a league half a league, half a league—" Then he banged the book down, exclaiming, impatiently: "Well, if the fool meant a league and a half, why on earth didn't he say so?"

The 99 Instinct.

"Why does a woman always buy her postage stamps three at a time?"

"So as to get pennies in change, of course."

"What does she want to get pennies for?"

"Well, that makes it seem more like a bargain."—Chicago Journal.

People looking in windows are not always looking at the goods. They are looking to see themselves.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

—Godmothers never do anything for their godchildren except in story books.—Atchison Globe.

HUMOROUS.

—"Hepperton says he won't marry anyone but a widow." "I hope he won't marry mine."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Hewitt—"Why didn't you laugh at that joke when I told it?" Jewett—"I don't believe in laughing at an old friend."—Truth.

—Spogs—"Was it not disgraceful, the way in which Smiggs snored in church to-day?" Stuggs—"I should think it was. Why, he woke us all up."—Tit-Bits.

—Before the Scrap.—Hooley—"Did yez hear about Casey quittin' wor-rk at noon yisterday?" Dooley—"Oi did not. Phwot med 'im?" Hooley—"Shure, it wor th' twilve o'clock whistle."—Judge.

—"I am afraid that actors sometimes deceive us about the salaries they get," remarked the mild-mannered citizen. "No," replied the keen observer; "they may think they do; but they don't."—Washington Star.

—Fine Progress.—"Well, my son, how are you getting along at college?" asked the anxious father. "They call me a phenom, governor. I started in as a substitute and now I'm full back."—Detroit Free Press.

—Wasn't Bliss.—"What I know about riding a wheel," said the scorcher, "would fill a book." "Yes," said the policeman who had gathered him in, "and what you don't know about it would soon fill the morgue."—Chicago News.

—Why, Indeed?—Moneyworth—"Why will the newspapers publish columns of the revolting details of murders? Here I've wasted two good hours reading through this mass of trash about the last one."—Philadelphia North American.

—Landlady—"The price of this room is 30 marks. Will that suit you?" Student—"Perfectly." Landlady—"Then you can't have it. A man who meekly accepts such an exorbitant price, obviously does not intend to pay his bill."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"I understand you have been advocating a tax on bachelors," said Singleton. "I have," replied Benedict. "Upon what grounds do you justify it?" "Upon the general theory that a man should be made to pay for the enjoyment of a luxury." This he considered very clever until his wife heard of it, when it seemed to lose much of its brilliancy. —Chicago Evening Post.

A STROLL UNDER THE THAMES.

Blackwall Tunnel Becomes the Parade of London's East End.

For some weeks past the Blackwall tunnel has been to the toilers of the East end what Hyde Park is to the West end. It is the promenade a la mode to as many thousands as can reach it. Little as its promoters dreamed—little as his royal highness the prince of Wales imagined when in July last the walk was declared open—Blackwall tunnel has grown to be the great rendezvous of the people. It is their playground, their concert hall, their shelter from cold and wind and rain, the trysting place of lovers—and destined to infold more than one romance, more than one tragedy.

It has already had one death, for a few weeks ago a van driver was thrown from his seat and killed. As the corpse of the van driver was being carried out a bystander remarked to one of the policemen who stand guard at the Poplar end of this great feat of engineering: "A dead man, eh? Why, I've just counted 20 pairs of lovers going in!"

Blackwall tunnel! What a splendid title for a melodrama! All day and night the tunnel is lit up by electric lamps—an incomparable vista of light a mile and a half long. No wonder, then, that when several thousand people are in the tunnel singing, shouting, laughing, playing on cencertina, banjo or Jew's harp, the scene should be one unparalleled in the whole length and breadth of London.

It will be a problem to Mr. Macdonald, the chief engineer of the great tunnel, how this huge body of pleasure seekers is to be managed, when later on the wintry blasts blow and their tendency to loiter and reluctance to leave will increase.

The tunnel was not quite finished when the prince of Wales opened it. It was closed to the public for some weeks. But since its actual and permanent opening it has been found, in a dual sense, to fill a long-felt want.

There is light and love and laughter—no care, no trouble, no cold, so every Sunday anyone who is anyone in the near east takes his wife or sweetheart for a stroll beneath the Thames.—London Mail.

Sunlight Destroys Bacteria.

In view of the destructive effect of sunlight, especially of the blue to the ultra-violet rays, upon bacteria in water, Prof. H. Marshall Ward would explain the comparative freedom of river waters under the blazing hot summer sun from bacteria, as against the more abundant infection of the same waters in winter. Pasteur and Miguel found that the germs floating in the air are, for the most part, dead—killed, the author holds, by the sun. Yeasts which normally vegetate on the exterior of ripening grapes are destroyed, according to Martinaud, if the heat be very intense; and Guinti has observed that the ingress of sunlight hinders acetic fermentation. When the typhoid bacillus falls into torpid, dirty water in summer, it finds a congenial propagating place. The dirt furnishes it food, absorbs heat to increase the warmth, and keeps off the hostile blue and violet rays. —Popular Science Monthly.

Lark Knot in a Sycamore.

When a Manchester (England) timber merchant was sawing a sycamore into lengths he came across a lark knot in the wood an inch and a half in diameter. When this was cut through it displayed the clearly marked outline of a bird, which the merchant deemed curious enough to have photographed.—Strand Magazine.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. & N. R. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:15 p. m.
From Lexington—4:39 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m; 6:27 p. m.
From Richmond—4:35 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m.
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—4:45 a. m.; 7:55 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.
To Lexington—7:50 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:21 p. m.
To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:25 p. m.
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

EAST BOUND.

		†	†
Lv Louisville	8:30am	6:00pm	
Ar Lexington	11:15am	8:40pm	
Lv Lexington	11:25am	8:50pm	8:30am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester	11:58am	9:23pm	9:15am 6:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling	12:25pm	9:50pm	9:50am 7:05pm
Ar Washington	6:5 am	3:40pm	
Ar Philadelphia	10:15am	7:05pm	
Ar New York	12:40n'n	9:08pm	

WEST BOUND.

	†	†
Ar Winchester	7:30am 4:50pm	6:55am 2:50pm
Ar Lexington	8:00am 5:20pm	7:35am 3:45pm
Ar Frankfort	9:11am 6:30pm	
Ar Shelbyville	10:01am 7:20pm	
Ar Louisville	11:00am 8:15pm	

Trains marked thus † run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily.

Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on

F. B. CARR,
Agent L. & N. R. R.
or, GEORGE W. BARNEY, Paris Ky.
Div. Pass. Agent,
Lexington, Ky.

EAST BOUND.

Lve Frankfort	6:30am	3:00pm
Arr Elkhorn	6:43am	3:20pm
Arr Switzer	6:51am	3:32pm
Arr Stamping Ground	7:02am	3:48pm
Arr Duvalls	7:08am	3:58pm
Arr Georgetown	7:20am	4:15pm
Lve Georgetown	8:00am	4:30pm
Arr Newtown	8:12am	4:42pm
Arr Centreville	8:22am	4:52pm
Arr Elizabeth	8:28am	4:58pm
Arr Paris	8:40am	5:10pm

WEST BOUND.

Lve Paris	9:20am	5:30pm
Arr Elizabeth	9:32am	5:42pm
Arr Centreville	9:38am	5:48pm
Arr Newtown	9:48am	5:58pm
Arr Georgetown	10:00am	6:10pm
Lve Georgetown	10:40am	6:35pm
Arr Duvalls	10:56am	6:46pm
Arr Stamping Ground	11:10am	6:53pm
Arr Switzer	11:25am	7:04pm
Arr Elkhorn	11:35am	7:11pm
	11:45am	7:25pm

GEO. B. HARPER, Gen'l Supt., FRANKFORT, KY.
C. D. BERCAW, Gen'l Pass. Agt.